

HERGÉ

2



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

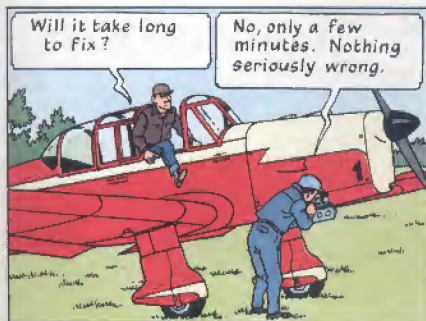
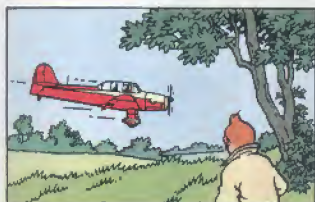
# THE BLACK ISLAND



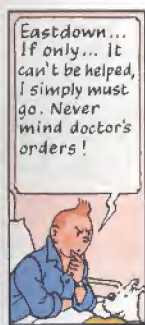
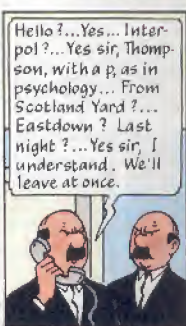
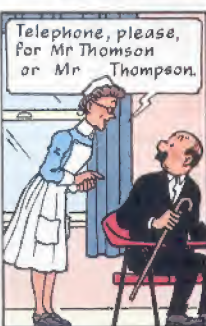
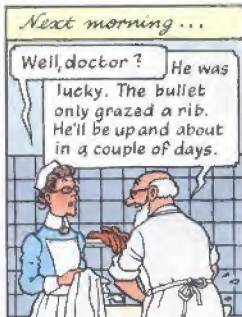
MAMMOTH



# THE BLACK ISLAND

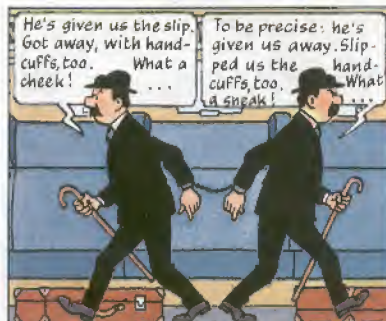
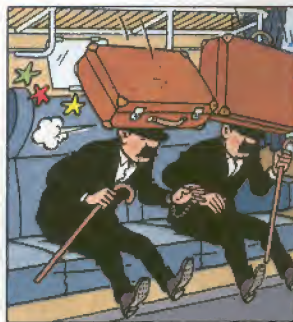












An hour later ...

Good! A village.  
Perhaps I can hire a  
car to take me to the  
coast.



Just wait till I  
get my hands on him!

To be precise: ...er  
... just wait till  
we get our hands!



Hello!

Tintin!



You!

Hey, stop!

That's what they call  
putting your head  
in the lion's mouth!



Stop him! Stop him!



Where's he gone?



Excuse me, sir. Have you seen a  
young man running past your house?



Let me see. A young man,  
you say. That'd be him I  
saw, with a little white  
dog. Going like the wind,  
he was. Hid himself among  
those trees, over there.

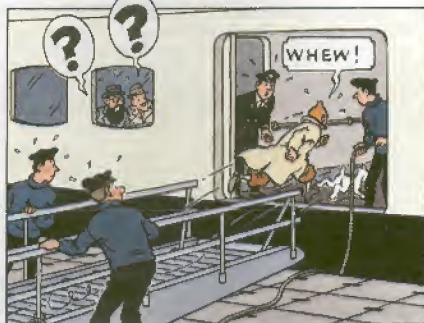
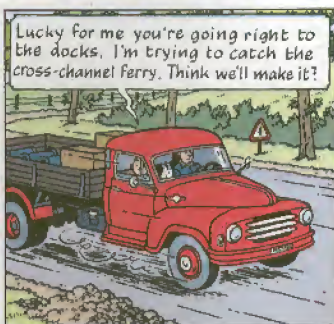
Aha! We've  
got him!

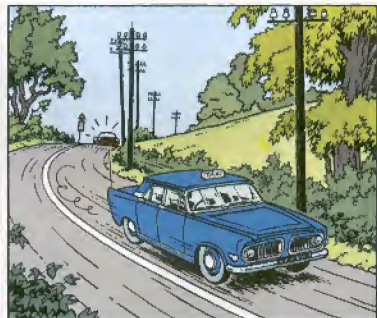
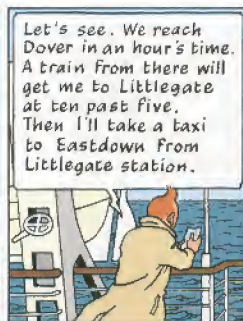


Snowy!

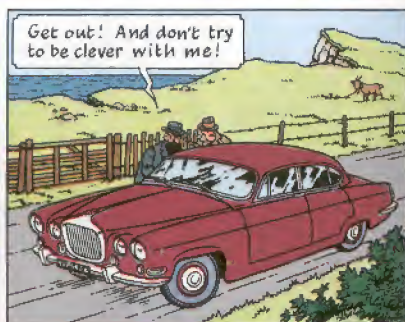
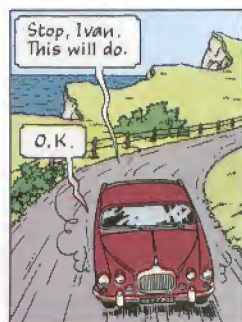
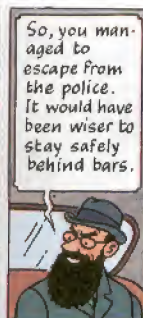


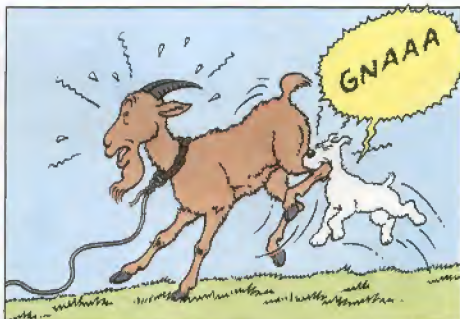
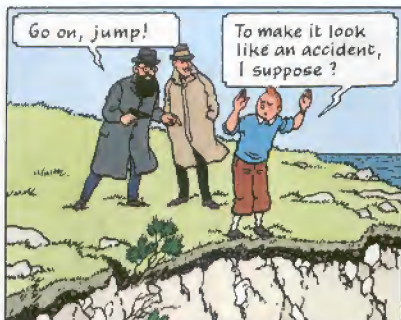




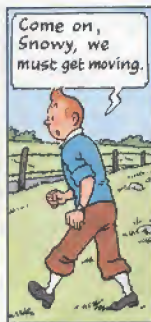
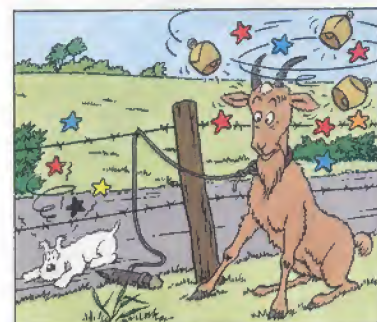
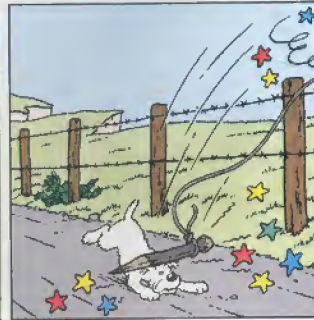
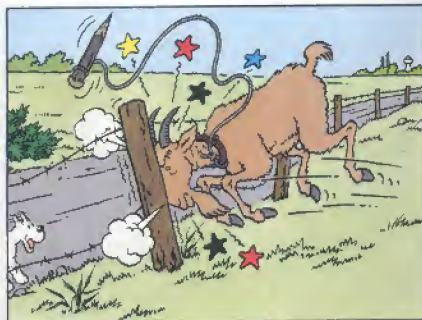
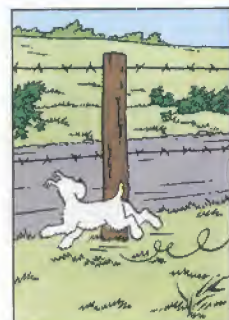


















Aren't you ashamed, wasting our time bone-hunting. Here, give it to me.



I've told you dozens of times, you're not to chew filthy old bones.



Here, Snowy! Come here at once!



WOOAH



WOOAH!  
WOOAH!



!?



Strange... He really does want me to follow him.



I'll come. But woe betide you if it's just another bone.



?



Flying jackets! Those thugs from the plane must have hidden them.



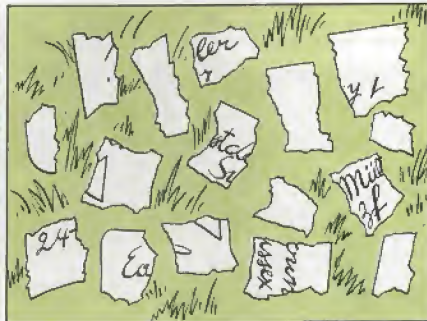
Too much to hope they'd leave anything in the pockets.



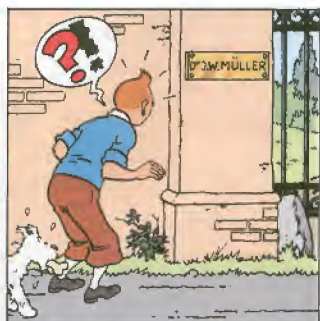
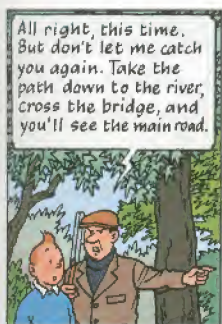
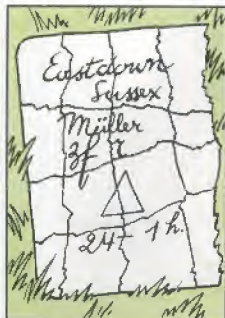
Aha! Look there! Some scraps of paper. Something's been torn up. Perhaps this will give us a lead.



I've always liked puzzles, and this time I've got a real one!



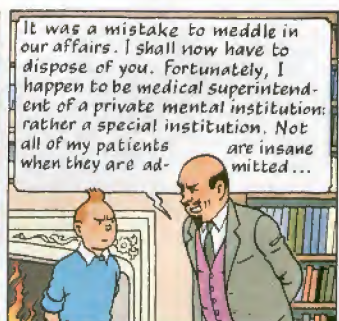




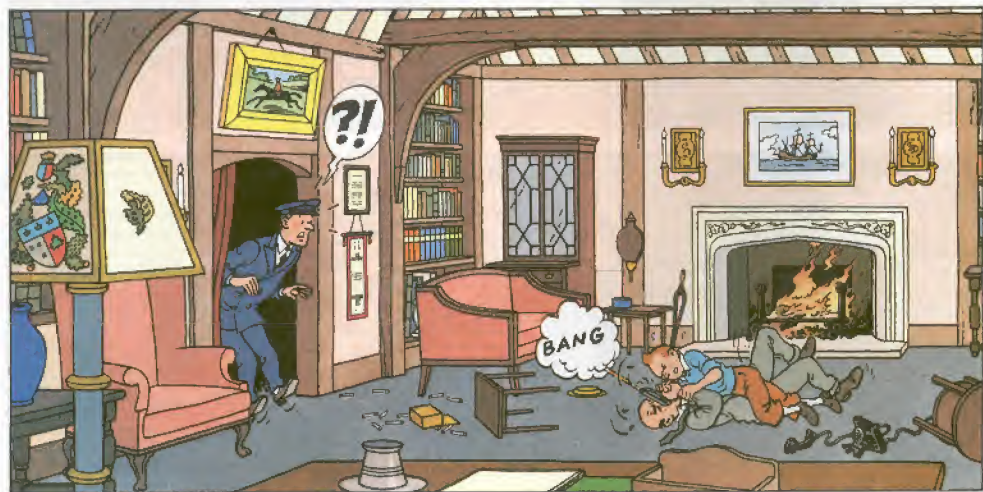
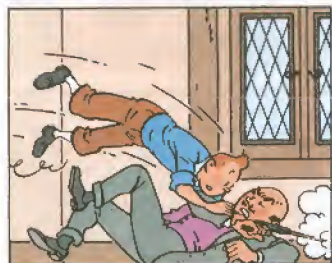
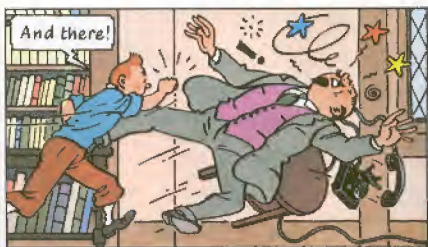


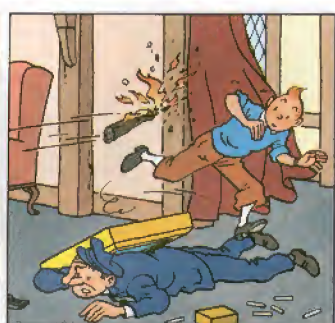
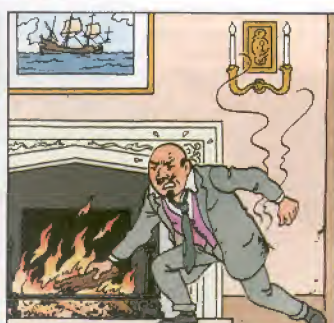
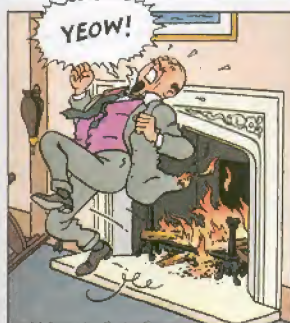
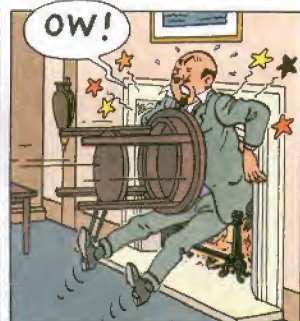




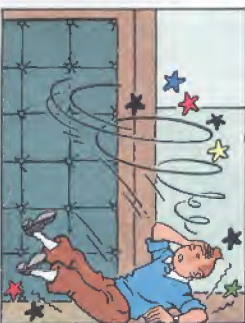
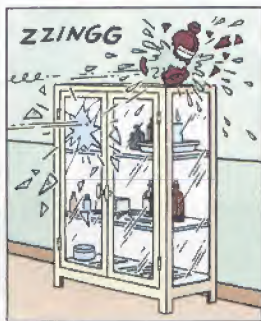
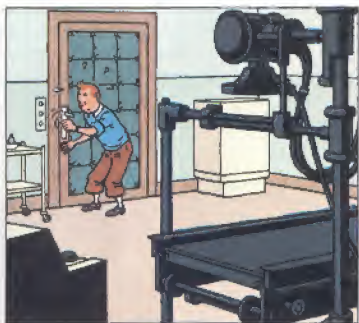








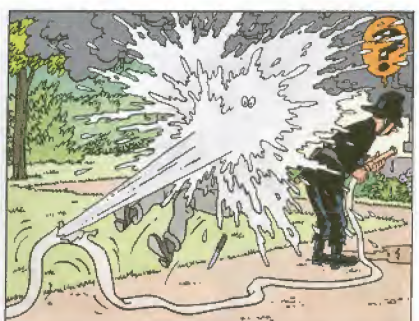
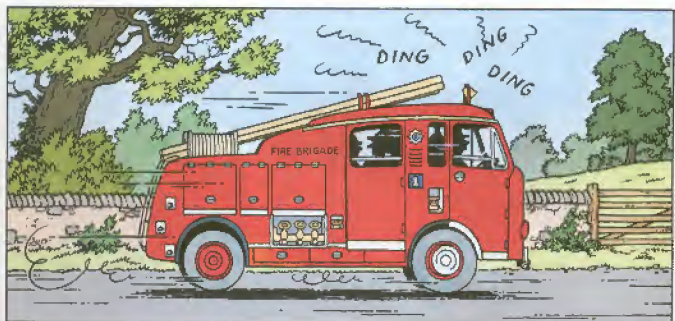


















Next morning...

... And what happened to Doctor Müller?

I'm afraid my men couldn't catch him. His car was standing just by the house. He hopped in, with his driver, and they went off at top speed. We hadn't a chance.

A pity. I'd give a lot to know ... why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind. Perhaps I'll find a clue at the house, to put me on their track again... The fire can't have destroyed everything...

You're not getting out of bed?

Of course. I feel absolutely all right.

Heavens! There isn't much left of Dr. Müller's house: it's gutted.

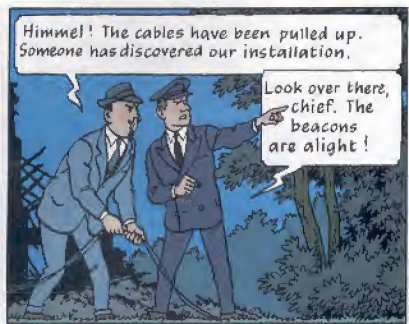
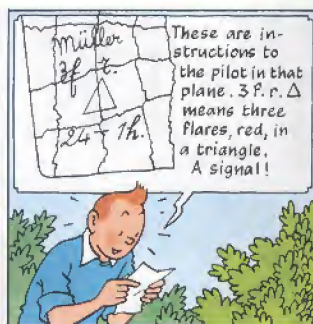
I shan't find anything useful here...

Electric cables. What can they be for?

They seem to go on...

How odd. Where on earth can they lead?





Someone else is waiting for the plane!  
... If they drop the load now we are  
finished! ... We have got to stop them.  
We must put out those lights. Here,  
help me to cut the wires.



But...but chief...the  
lights are still burning!



I wonder if they'll  
come tonight.



O.K. to drop. I  
can see the  
lights.



Too late! There  
is the plane.



One out!



Great snakes—they've  
dropped something!



Let's see!



Tintin, confound him!



Two away!



Another!



That fell quite close.  
It should be easier  
to spot than the  
first one.



I wonder what I'm  
going to find!

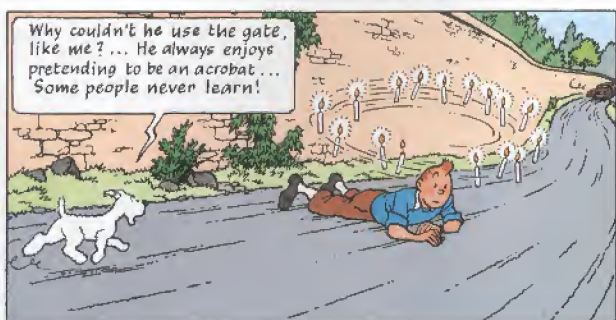
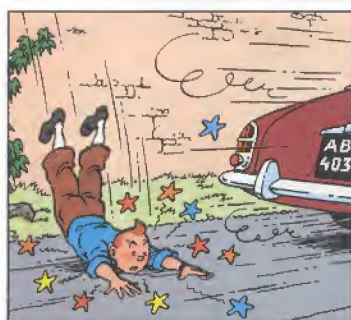
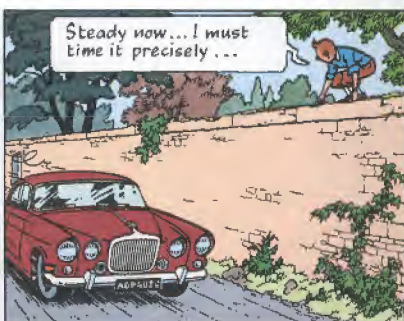
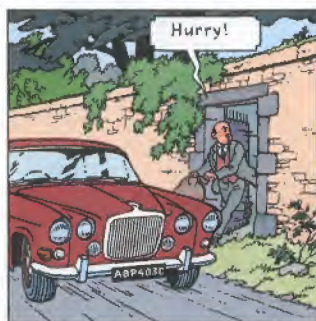








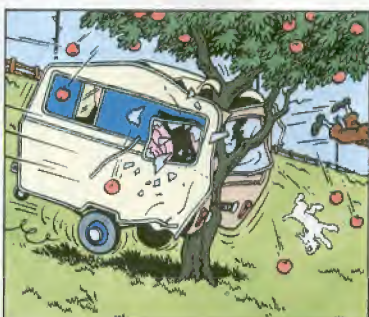
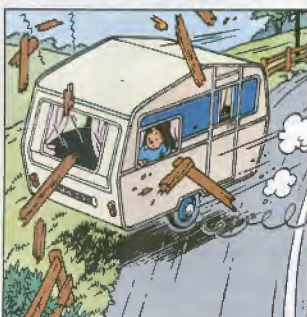
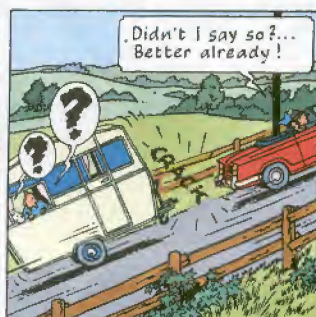
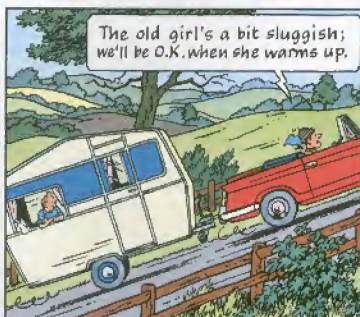




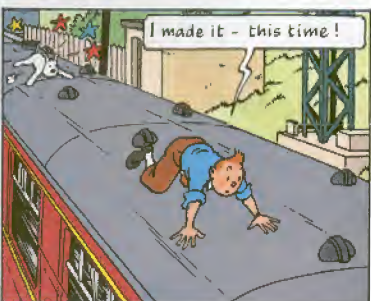
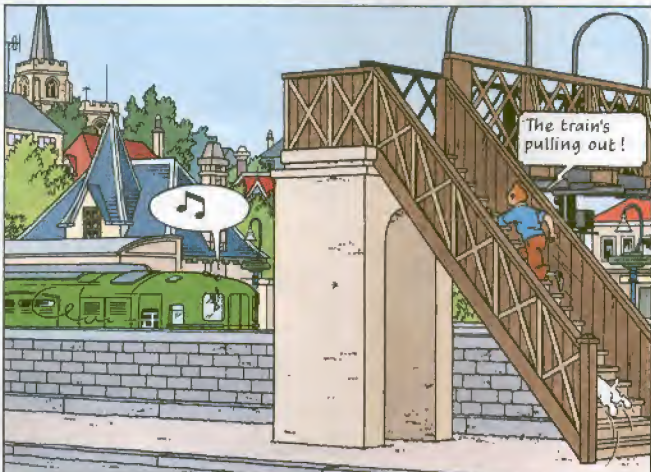
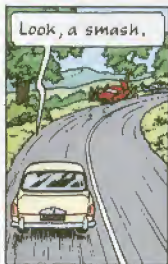
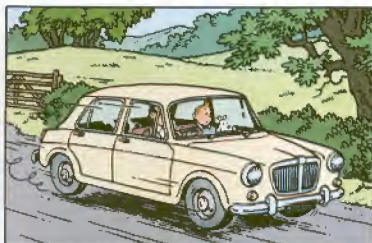


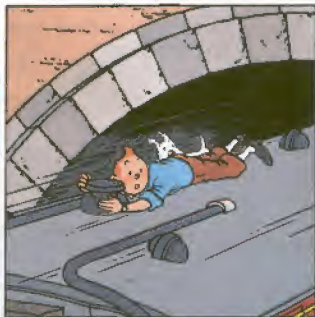


Crooks?... I say, what a lark!... Hop in the caravan!





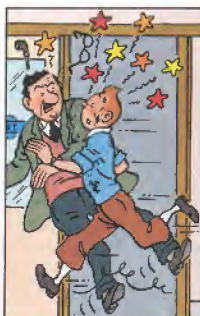




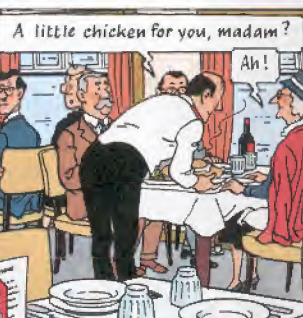




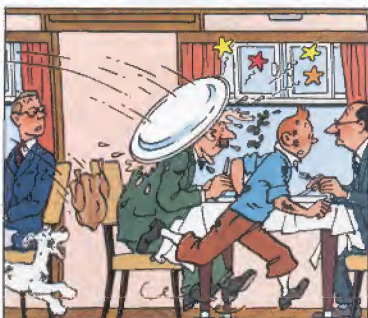
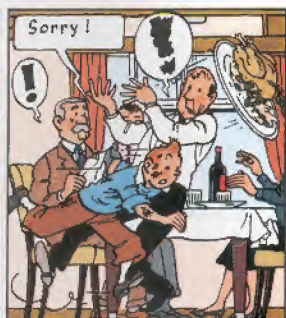
What's going on?



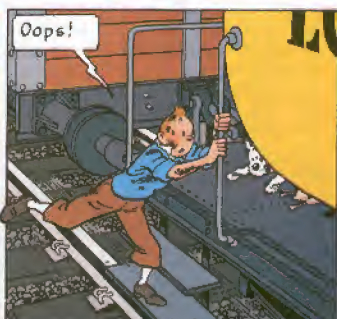
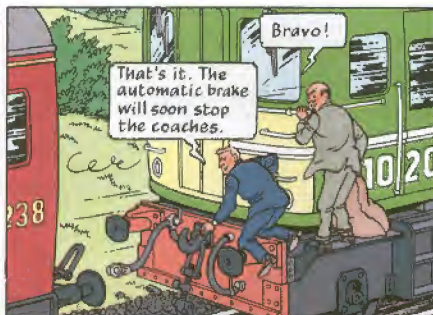
Let me get past...



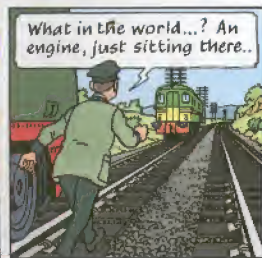
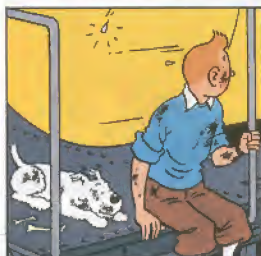
Ah!







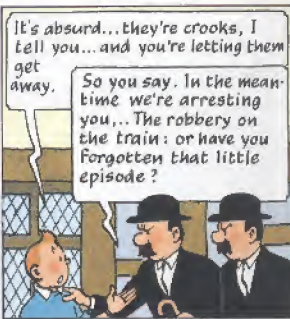
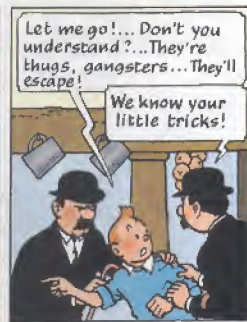
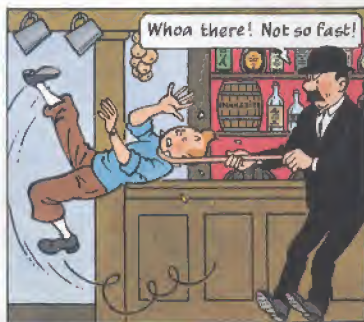
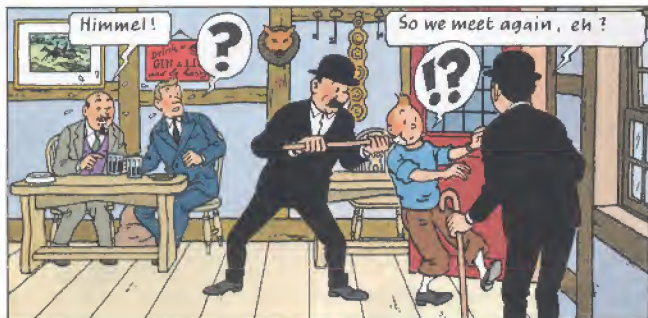


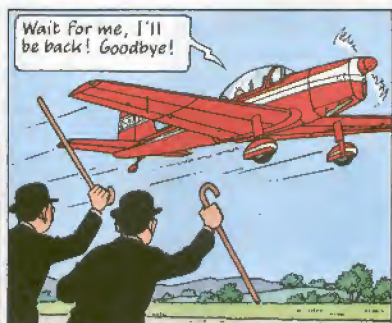
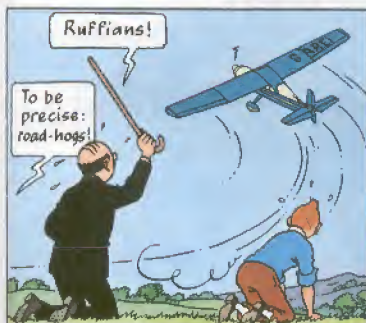
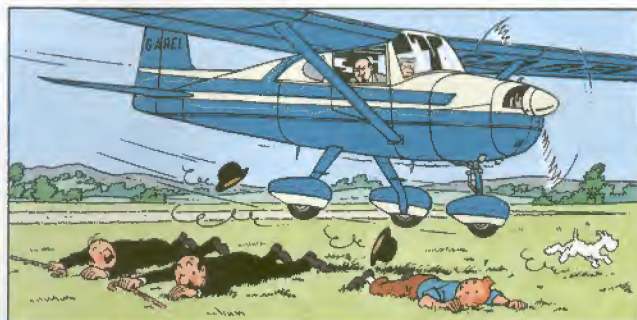
















Come on! After them!  
That other machine  
over there... Quick!

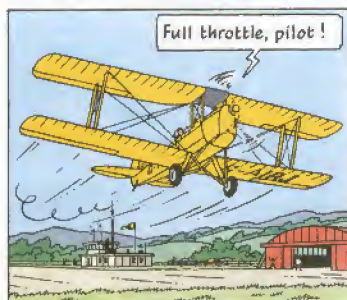


We're police officers... Start her up... We're  
taking off right  
away!  
But sir,  
I...



That's enough! No ifs or buts!  
We're the police, see? And we're  
commandeering this plane,  
and you to fly it!

Police... Understand?



Full throttle, pilot!



You can cut out the...  
er... aerobatics!



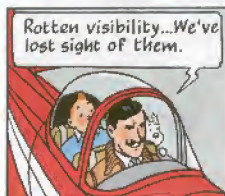
I'm s-s-sorry, s-s-sir... I'm d-d-doing  
my b-best... It's the P-P-First time I've  
P-P-flown... I'm just the m-m-mechanic!



We'll soon be on their  
tail, unless...



Just as I feared...  
Running into cloud ...



Rotten visibility... We've  
lost sight of them.



Have to land... We're  
near the coast... don't  
want to drop in the drink.



Doesn't look too rough.  
I'll have a go...

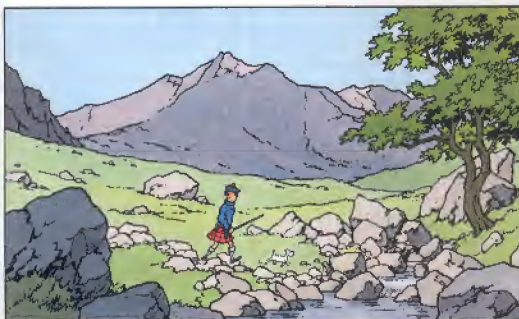
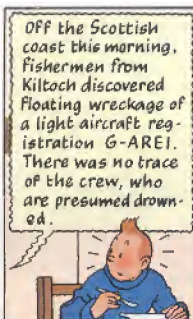


A wall! We're done for!

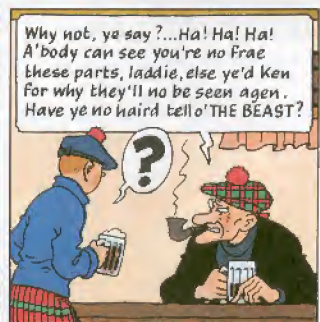
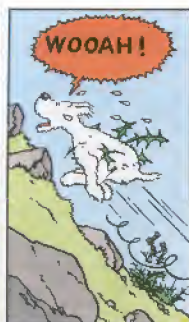














The beast?  
... What  
beast? ...  
The Loch  
Ness  
Monster?  
Haud yer whisht, laddie,  
A'm speirin' o' the beast  
that bides on the Black  
Island, i' the ruins o'  
the castle o' Craig Dhui.  
The critter's for devourin'  
ev'ry maun that's sae bold  
as to gang neer the place.



I mind... it'll be three months back,  
two young laddies were for explorin'  
the island, for a' our wurd's o'  
warnin'. They went off in a wee  
boat. Dead calm it was: not a  
breath o' wind... And d'ye ken,  
they were niver haired o' agen! ...  
And it'll be last year, a Kiltloch  
fisherman vanished wi' a sign out



A dreich mist there was  
that day... Puir MacGregor!  
'Tis sure he ran aground on  
the island... and he's nae  
been seen since! And twa  
yeers back... och, but  
there's nae end to the tales  
o' them that's gone, puir  
sauls...



Och! 'Tis a terrible  
beast! ... There's  
times in the night,  
when the wund's  
frae the sea, ye  
can hear it...  
Whisht! D'ye heer?



Here's your tea, sir,

Thanks. You know,  
it's odd about that  
crash. I think I'll  
visit the Black  
Island tomorrow.



The next morning ...

Will you take  
me across  
to the Black  
Island?

The Black Island?  
For why are ye wantin'  
tae gae to the Black  
Island? Are ye wearied  
o' livin'?



Whit's that? Tak  
ye tae the Black  
Island?... No for  
a' the bawbees i'  
the wuld! A'm no  
for deein' yet, laddie!



Tae the Black  
Island? Mind what  
I say, there's no  
maun heer that'll  
dare go neer that  
curst place.



Aha! Just what I'm  
looking for!



Ahoy there! Will  
ye let  
me hire  
your boat?

Aye laddie,  
but d'ye  
ken work  
the out-  
board  
motor?  
...



Wha' are ye makin'  
for this bra day?

Er... I  
want to  
have a look  
at the  
castle o'  
Craig Dhui.

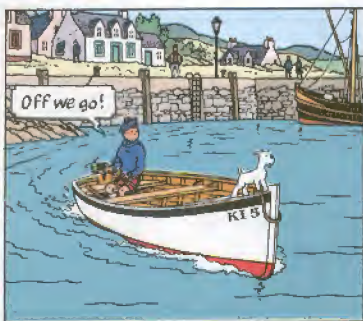


The Black Island?  
Nae fear! Ye'll no come  
back agen and ma  
boat'll be lost!

What  
if I buy  
your  
boat?



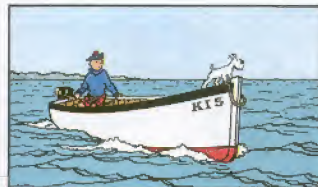
Off we go!



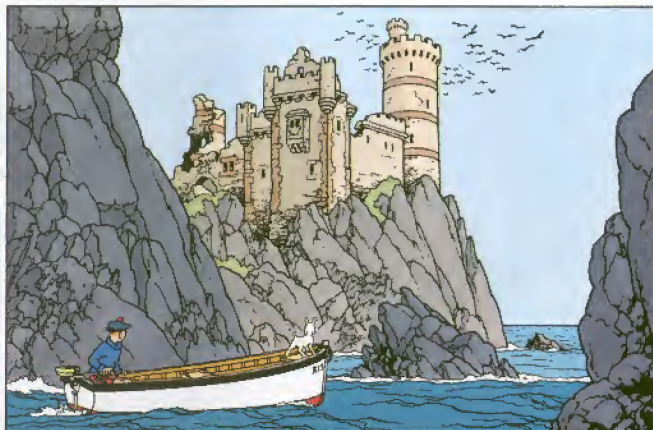
Another awa' tae his doom ...







The Black Island!



They were quite right in Kilboch... It is a sinister place...



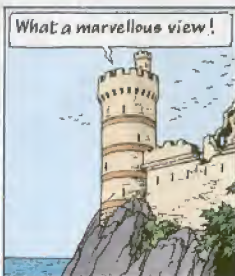
I think we'll explore the castle first.



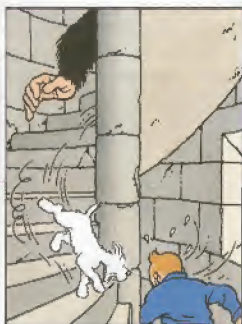
That must be the stair-case to the tower.



What a marvellous view!

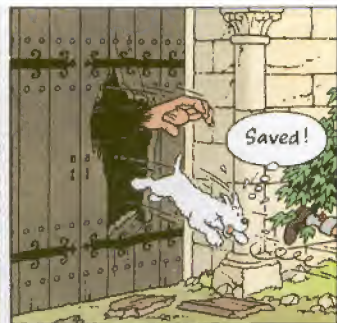
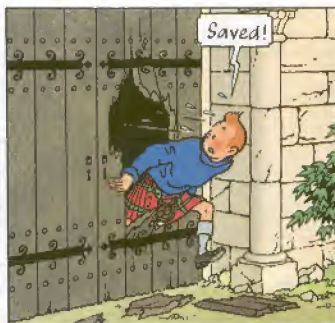


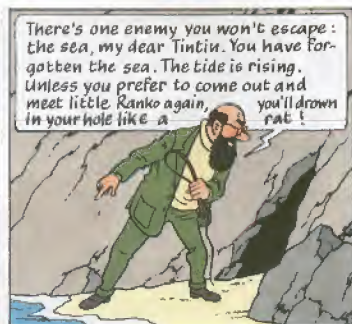
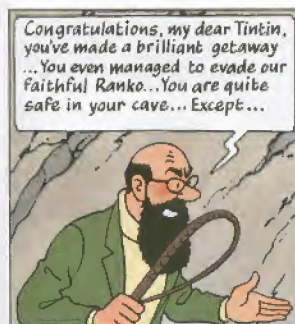




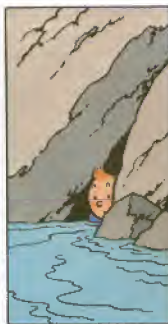


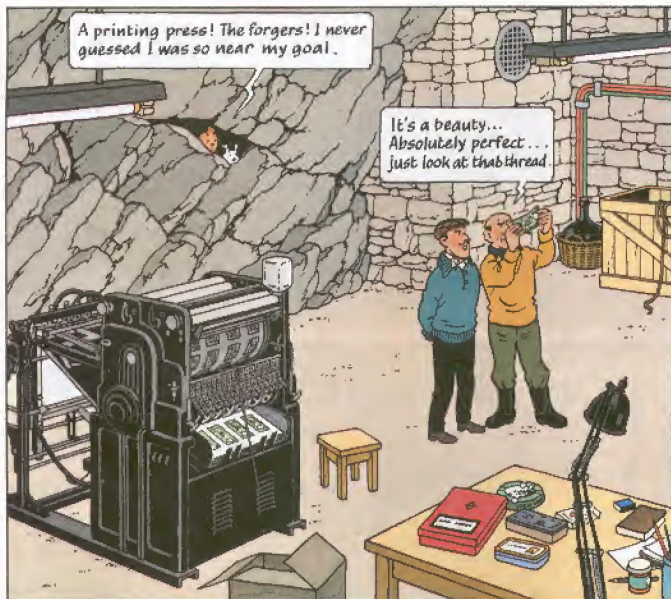










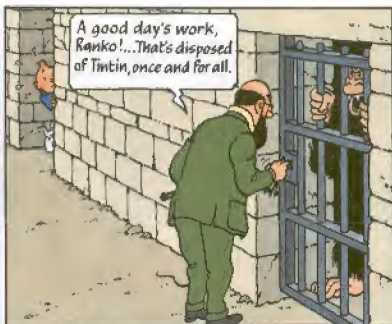


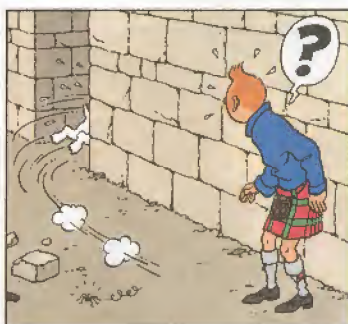




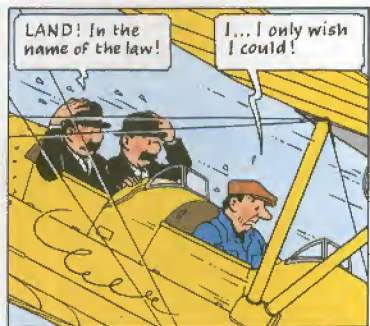
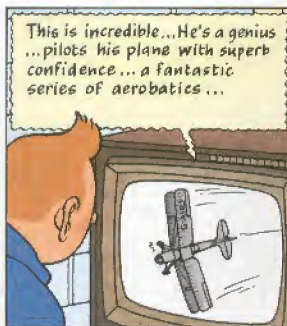
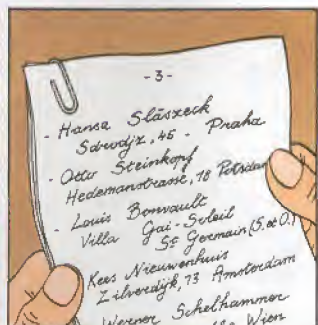




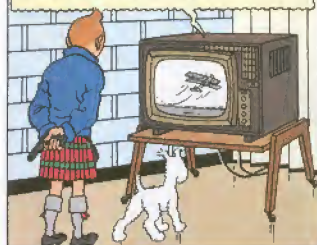




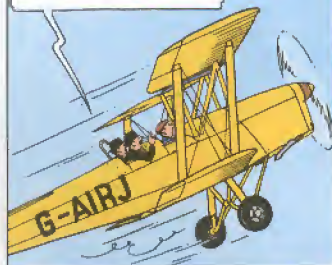




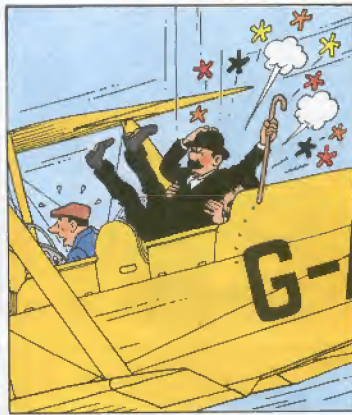
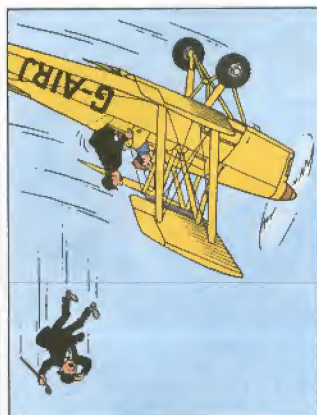
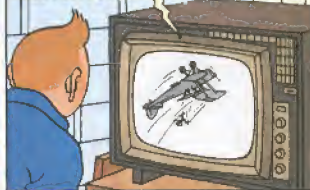
Now the plane comes roaring down, skims over the field and shoots up like a rocket ...



Stop! We want to get down, d'you hear?



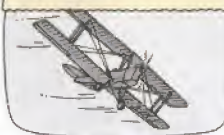
Now he's heading for the ground again...and into another flawless loop he goes, then...Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat...This is terrible!



Whew! What a stunt! That really had us fooled!



And this time he really is coming down... He's going to land... He's cut the motor...



He touches down... the plane bounces ...



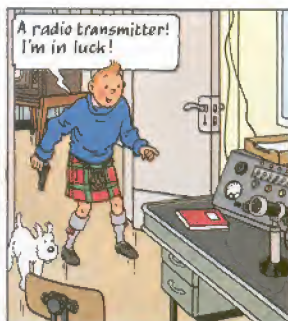
...and does one last, hair-raising somersault before it comes to rest in the centre of the field.



A clear victory! The judges are unanimous...the aerobatic championship is yours!





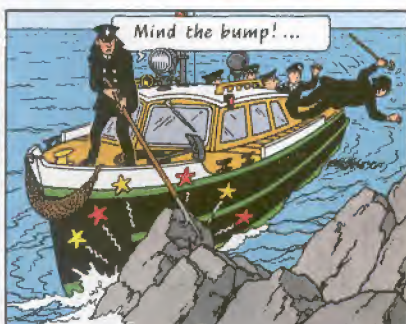
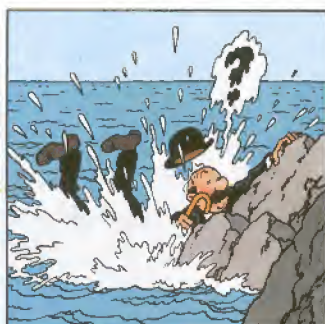




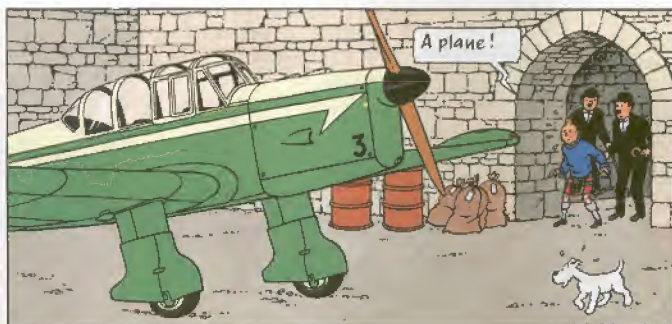
















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**FORGERS FOUND ON MYSTERY ISLE**  
Full story page five

Full story page five

# Police Swoop on International Gang

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

FORGED notes so perfect  
even bank cashiers are  
fooled.

At Kiltloch, handcuffed  
gang leaders are escorted  
to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and lion-hearted dog Snowy, from left, Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island 'Beast' Ranko  
says goodbye to rescuer  
Tintin in a Glasgow zoo.  
Once trained to kill intruders  
at gang hideout, the  
monster gorilla, injured in  
battle on



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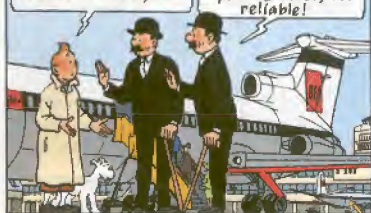
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Dr. H. C. H. O.

Next morning...

You aren't coming back with me by air?

By air?...No thank you...To be precise: we don't find the pilots entirely...reliable!



Au revoir !

